

NO.
39

AUG.
10¢

ZIP

COMICS



WHO IS RED RUBE

? ? ?

I GEEV UP! I
THEENK I WEEL
HAVE TO READ
THE ANSWER
EENSIDE!



Robin

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STEEL STERLING

MURDER

OUT OF THIS WORLD

IRV NOVICK



STEEL STERLING STILL DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT THE MURDERER WAS NOT OF THIS WORLD... EVEN WHEN HE SAW HIM COMMIT THE MURDER WITH HIS OWN EYES! BECAUSE HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, THE MAN OF STEEL FINDS HIMSELF CHASING A GHOST IN THIS, THE CRAZIEST ADVENTURE OF HIS LIFE!!



NOT MANY PINCHES THESE DAYS, EH, CLANCY?

NAH!.. THE TOWN'S DEAD, STEEL... WISH LOONEY WERE HERE!!

SUDDENLY...

HELP!
HELP!

OH, OH!.. WE SPOKE TOO SOON! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE THERE, AND PLENTY OF IT!!



WHAT'S THE IDEA MOLESTIN' THE LADY?

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SAHIB! I ASSURE YOU, I AM OOM THE MYSTIC!

THE LADY IS A CLIENT OF MINE! I RECALLED THE SPIRIT OF HER HUSBAND, AND THE SIGHT OF HIM SO UNNERVED HER, SHE BECAME UNCONTROLLABLE!

SAY, COULD YOU CALL UP THE SPIRIT OF A PAL O' MINE? HE AIN'T DEAD THOUGH... 'CEPT FROM THE NECK UP!!

I COULD TRY! STEP INSIDE, PLEASE!!



YA MEAN, YA CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?

BUT, OF COURSE!

SAY, COULD YOU CALL UP THE SPIRIT OF A PAL O' MINE? HE AIN'T DEAD THOUGH... 'CEPT FROM THE NECK UP!!

I COULD TRY! STEP INSIDE, PLEASE!!

OH, COME ON, NOW CLANCEY! YOU KNOW THIS IS THE BUNK!

AW. IT DON'T HURT TO TRY, STEEL! I SURE AM ANXIOUS TO SEE THAT HOMELY PUSS OF LOONEY'S!

WELL, OKAY!

FINE! GIVE MY ASSISTANT, ALL THE NECESSARY INFORMATION, WHILE I PREPARE FOR THE SEANCE!!

WHAT IS HIS FULL NAME, AND WHERE IS HE AT THE PRESENT?

CORPORAL ALEC BEN LUNAR! HE'S IN THE ARMY NOW!, JUST WHERE, I DON'T KNOW MYSELF!

THE GREAT OOM IS READY NOW! YOU MAY ENTER!

DEFTLY, ALI PICKS CLANCEY'S POCKET, AS THE LATTER PASSES BY...

I STILL THINK THIS IS HOGWASH!

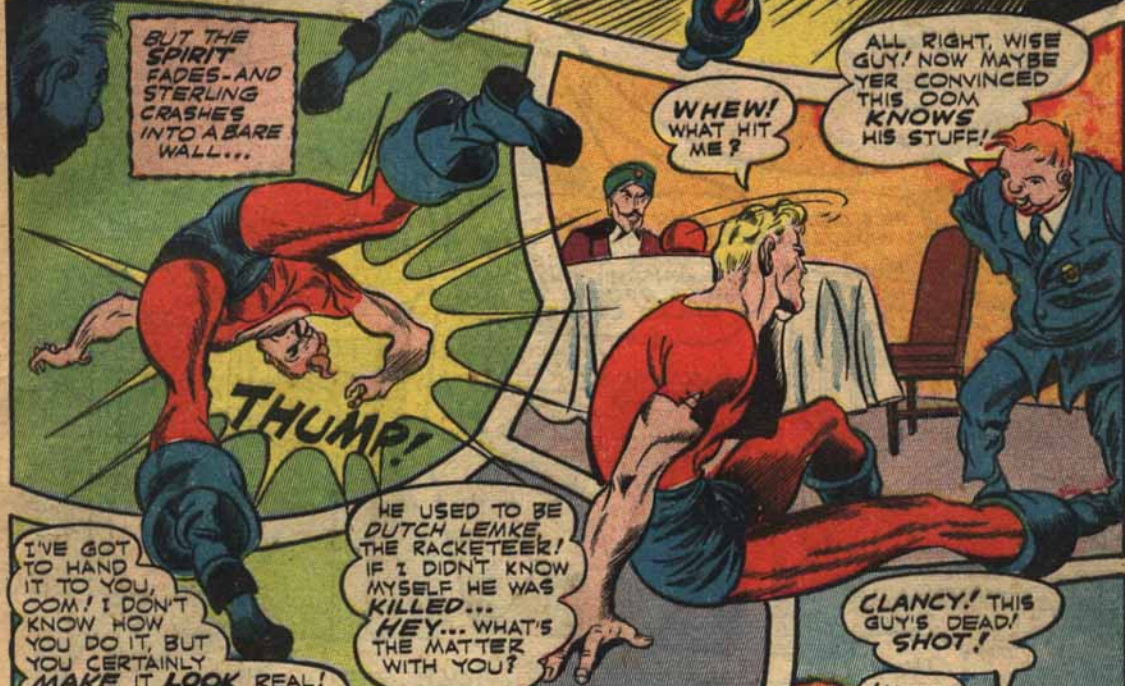
YOU SHALL SOON BE CONVINCED, SAHIB! BE SEATED, PLEASE!

NOW PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE.. AND WHATEVER HAPPENS, KEEP PERFECTLY QUIET!!



GHOST OR NO GHOST! NOBODY'S GOING TO DO ANY MURDERING WHILE I'M AROUND!

SO LONG, OOM! HA, HA, HA, HA!



BUT THE SPIRIT FADES-AND STERLING CRASHES INTO A BARE WALL...

THUMP!

WHEW! WHAT HIT ME?

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY, NOW MAYBE YER CONVINCED THIS OOM KNOWS HIS STUFF!



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, OOM! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, BUT YOU CERTAINLY MAKE IT LOOK REAL! I RECOGNIZED THAT LAST SPIRIT!!

HE USED TO BE DUTCH LEMKE, THE RACKETEER! IF I DIDN'T KNOW MYSELF HE WAS KILLED... HEY... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

CLANCY! THIS GUY'S DEAD! SHOT!

WHAT??



SHOT IN THE BACK BY A **VERY REAL BULLET!** I COULD HAVE SWORN, THAT **DUTCH LEMKE** WAS KILLED BY THE COPS ONLY LAST WEEK... AND YET, SOMEHOW, **THAT GUY IS THE MURDERER!** I'M SURE OF IT!



IT'S A GHOST, STEEL! I TELL YA, IT'S A GHOST!

GHOST MY EYE! WAIT'LL I'LL FIND THAT ASSISTANT!



HE'S GONE! I WONDER!..

CLANCY, YOU GET A COUPLE OF THE BOYS, INCLUDING OFFICER MALKIN! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE KILLED LEMKE!



OKAY, STEEL!

WHILE CLANCY'S GONE, I'LL DO SOME SNOOPING!.. FIRST I'LL TAP THESE WALLS, AND SEE IF THEY'RE HOLLOW!



Oho!



HOLY, JOE! THE ASSISTANT!

MURDERED WHILE HE WAS OPERATING THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR! *HMM...* I SEE NOW, HOW THOSE "SPIRITS" CAME FROM THE OTHER WORLD!

LOONEY'S PICTURE! HE MUST HAVE SWIPED IT FROM CLANCY AND PROJECTED AN IMAGE ONTO THE WALL!

THE MURDERER MUST HAVE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE THEN! SOMEBODY WHO PROJECTED HIS IMAGE TO KEEP US BUSY, WHILE HE SNEAKED INTO OUR DARKENED ROOM TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK!



THE POLICE ARRIVE WITH CLANCY...

HELLO, STEEL! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A GHOST MURDERER!

IT'S MURDER ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT BY A GHOST!

IT WAS DONE BY LEMKE... A VERY MUCH ALIVE LEMKE, WHO ALSO MURDERED OOM'S ASSISTANT! HERE, CLANCY IS THE PICTURE ALL SWIPED FROM YOU!

WHY, THE DIRTY CROOK...



LOOK, STERLING, ARE YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME, I'M CRAZY? I MYSELF CHASED THAT GANGSTER! AND WHEN HIS CAR CRASHED, HE BURNED UP WITH IT ALL RIGHT, BEFORE MY OWN EYES!

DID YOU CHECK WITH HIS FINGER-PRINTS, MALKIN?

WELL, NO! THERE WUZ'N'T ENOUGH LEFT OF HIM TO IDENTIFY!

IT'S MY HUNCH, THAT OOM WAS A CROOK, AND HE HAD SOME KIND OF RACKET WITH LEMKE! REMEMBER THAT AN ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL YOU GOT, CAPTAIN, TIPPING YOU OFF ABOUT LEMKE?



.. WELL, THE STOOL PIGEON COULD HAVE BEEN OOM, AND LEMKE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT, THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR KILLING OOM!

HMM... THAT MAKES SENSE, NOW ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS PROVE LEMKE IS ALIVE! AND CATCH HIM!!

I THINK I HAVE A PLAN THAT'LL PROVE HIM ALIVE! BUT CLANCY'LL HAVE TO CATCH HIM!

SURE, PAL!

HUH...! ME CATCH A DEAD MAN? ARE YOU KIDDIN'??

NOT AT ALL! YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY THE ROLE OF OOM!!

NEXT DAY'S NEWS- PAPERS CARRY STRANGE HEADLINES!

DAYLY-TRIBUNE
UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT MADE ON MYSTIC'S LIFE!
ASSISTANT KILLED BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS!

NEWS HERALD
ATTEMPT ON MYSTIC'S LIFE FRUSTRATED... ASSISTANT MURDERED BY KILLERS!

AND IN THE HOME OF OOM!

I DON'T GET IT STEEL! WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT ANY-BODY KNOWING OOM IS DEAD?

YOU'LL GET IT SOON ENOUGH, I HOPE!

THE GREAT OOM RECEIVES HIS FIRST CLIENT...

OH, MR. OOM, PONCER AND I WOULD LIKE TO SEE, HIS MATE GERTIE, WHO IS AWAY IN PADUCAH!

I AIN'T DOIN' ANY MYSTICAL WORK FOR ANY ELONGATED HOT DOG!

AHEM! WHAT THE GREAT OOM MEANS IS, THAT A SEANCE IS SUCCESSFUL ONLY, WHEN HUMANS ARE PRESENT! THEREFORE IF YOU'LL LEAVE PONCER HERE WITH ME!

WELL, ALRIGHT, AS LONG AS ONE OF US CAN SEE, GERTIE!

KAFF.KAFF. WHY SURE THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!

I HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! I DON'T !!!

PLACE YOUR HANDS
ON THE TABLE
AND CONCENTRATE!

I WISH I COULD
KEEP MY
FINGERS
CROSSED!

I'M
READY!

IT IS GERTIE!
AND SHE STILL
LOOKS JUST LIKE
POUNCER!

THE SEANCE IS OVER.

OH, MR. OOM, YOU'RE
WONDERFUL! HOW
DO YOU DO IT?

GEE, LADY,
I WONDER
MYSELF!

JUST THEN.

TWO MORE
CLIENTS FOR
THE GREAT
OOM!

I DON'T LIKE
THE LOOKS OF
THESE BABIES!

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER
SEANCE, I'M SURE THIS
NICE LADY WOULD
LIKE TO SEE,
GERTIE!

NO MORE
SEANCES!

YOU HOID WHAT
THE LADY SAID..
SHE WANTS A
SEANCE!

OH! OH!
HOW DID
HE GET
PAST
STEEL?

SURE, SURE! I'M
JUST DYIN' TO HOLD
ANOTHER SEANCE,
HA, HA, HA!

NOW,
CONCENTRATE!

JUST KEEP CONCENTRATING
HERE, SOMETHING IS
GONNA HAPPEN SOON!

HERE'S A VISION
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT!
DROP THAT
GUN, DUTCH
LEMKE!

WE BEEN
CROSSED!

STEEL!

I KIND OF THOUGHT,
YOU'D SHOW UP
SOONER OR
LATER, RAT!

YOU CAN DROP
THE CAMOUFLAGE NOW, DUTCH.
AND START TALKING! HOW
DID YOU ESCAPE
FROM THAT BURNING
CAR?!

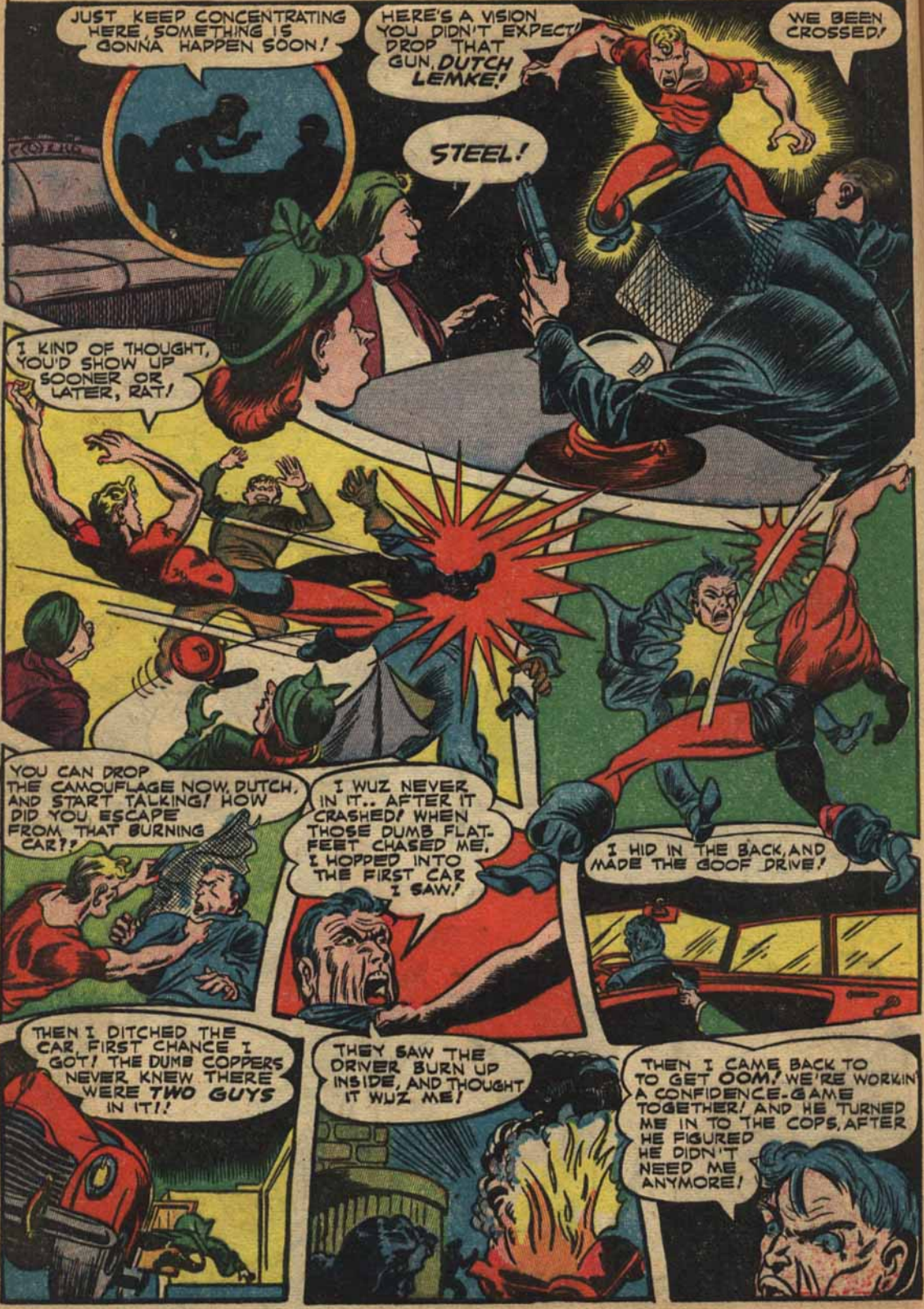
I WUZ NEVER
IN IT.. AFTER IT
CRASHED! WHEN
THOSE DUMB FLAT-
FEET CHASED ME,
I HOPPED INTO
THE FIRST CAR
I SAW!

I HID IN THE BACK, AND
MADE THE GOOF DRIVE!

THEN I DITCHED THE
CAR FIRST CHANCE I
GOT! THE DUMB COPPER
NEVER KNEW THERE
WERE TWO GUYS
IN IT!!

THEY SAW THE
DRIVER, BURN UP
INSIDE, AND THOUGHT
IT WUZ ME!

THEN I CAME BACK
TO GET OOM, WE'RE WORKIN
A CONFIDENCE-GAME
TOGETHER! AND HE TURNED
ME IN TO THE COPS, AFTER
HE FIGURED
HE DIDN'T
NEED ME
ANYMORE!





SUDDENLY DUTCH'S FEET LASH OUT, AND...



WHEW... DID HE CATCH ME NAPPING!

THERE HE GOES, IN HIS GETAWAY CAR!

FOLLOW THAT CAR, DRIVER, AND DON'T LOSE IT!

YOU BETCHA, STERLING!



STERLING, HE'S GAINING ON US!

KEEP YER EYES ON THE ROAD... MY GOD! LOOK OUT! WE'RE HEADING RIGHT AT THAT PILLAR!

A CRASH - A VIOLENT EXPLOSION... THEN SEARING FLAMES ENVELOP THE CAR...



STAND BACK EVERYBODY!

DUTCH IS IN THAT CAR THIS TIME... AND WE WON'T HAVE TO TAKE FINGERPRINTS TO CHECK IT!



LATER..

GEE, STEEL! WHAT A SAP I WUZ FALLIN' FER THAT MAGICIAN BUNK!

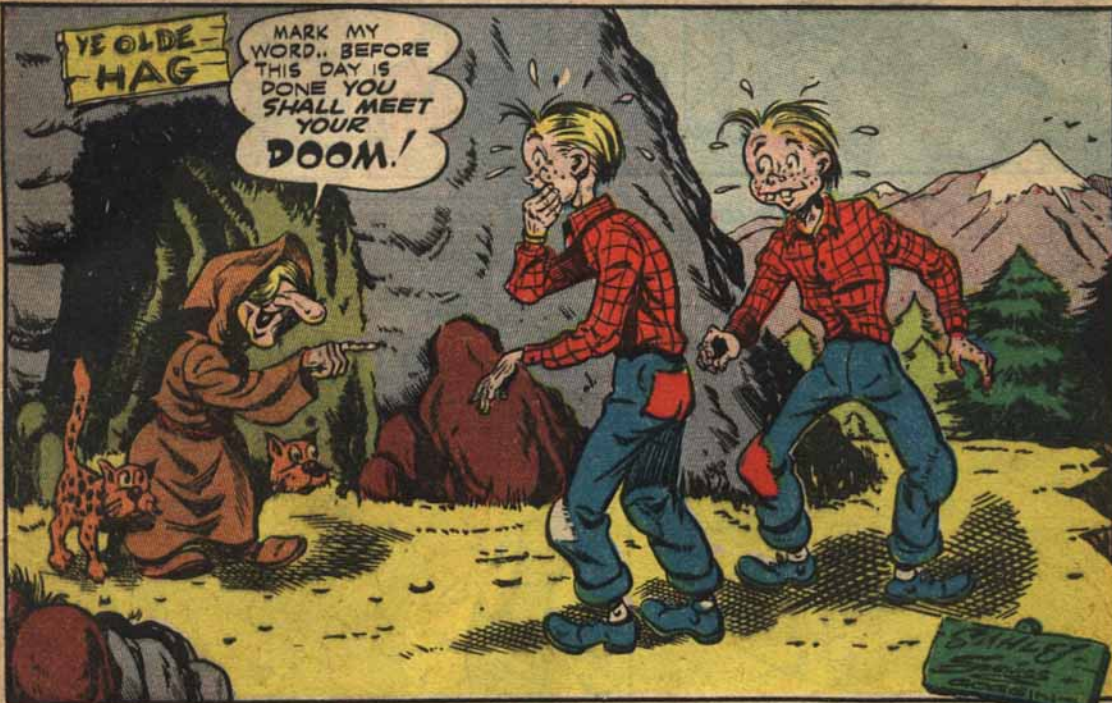
I'M GLAD YOU DID, CLANCY! OTHER WISE A DANGEROUS KILLER WOULD BE ON THE LOOSE, TODAY!

WOW! THE TROUBLE
THAT KID **ARCHIE**
GETS INTO IN THIS
LATEST
ARCHIE
COMICS!



The Slap Happy

APPLE JACKS



AFTER 'EM!



GOSH, ALL GET OUT. SLAPPY, DO YOU KNOW WHUT DAY THIS IS?



MARRYIN' UP DAY!
GULP! GULP!



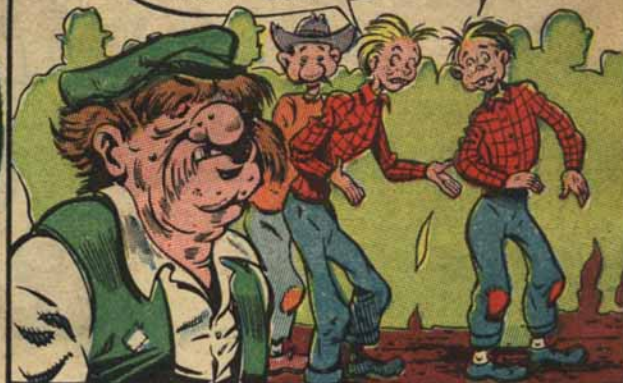
QUICK! LET'S HEAD FO' THE BAD LANDS AN' HIDE!

CAIN'T DO THET! THEN IT WOULD BE OPEN SEASON ON US'N ALL YEAR ROUND! .. WE GOTTA RUN WIF THE PACK!



GOLLY, IF WE WUZ ONLY GRUE. SOME LOOKIN' LIKE HANDSOME HARRY, THE GALS WOULDN'T WANT US'!

LUCKY BOY! C'MON GIT SET T'GET SET!!



SLAPPY, OLE PAL, I CAIN'T RUN! Y' GOTTA HELP ME HIDE!!

GOSH, TUGBOAT, I'LL TRY!

DON'T BAWL AIGHAD, WE'LL HELP YOU TOO!

TIME FER FIXIN' IS UP.. COME ON!

MOURNFUL DAY!!



ON YER MARK! GET SET!!





AN' NOW, YOU WIMMIN... IS YOU READY? GIT SET!!



THAR GOES HOUN' DAWG GINNY IN TH' LEAD AGIN!!



QUICK, PURTY BOY, IN THET HOLLOW TREE!

THANKS A MIGHTY LOT, SLAPPY!



MOVE OVER, SKUNK! AH PREFERENCES YO' COMPANY T' BEIN' MARRIED!

?



HAPPY, INTO THE STREAM WIF TUGBOAT!

BUT...

I GITCHA, SLAPPY!



THEM ROCKS'LL KEEP THE OLD WINDBAG FUM FLOATIN' !!



BUT, AIGHAID IT'S YO' ONLY CHANCE, OLE PAL!!

SHORE! DON'T GIVE UP NOW.. YO' GOTTA TAKE YO' CHANCE LIKE THE REST OF US!



AN' YO'RE HAIR MATCHES UP WIF THE STRAW, REAL PERFICK!

THANK Y' KINDLY! G'BYE, FELLERS; AN' GOOD LUCK TO YO' BOFE!



?



THEY AIN'T NOTHIN' IN HERE, BUT JUS' CHICKENS!

CLUCK! CLUCK?



GOOD GOLLY, SLAPPY, WE'S DONE FO'! WE'S TRAPPED!

NO WE AIN'T, HAPPY, C'MON!



RIGHT BEHIND THIS PANEL!

SLAPPY, YO' IS A GENY-YUS!



FASTER... FASTER.. THEY CAN'T GET AWAY NOW!!

GLAD WE BOPPED HOUN'DAWG GINNIE! NOW WE GOT A FAIR AN' EVEN CHANCE!

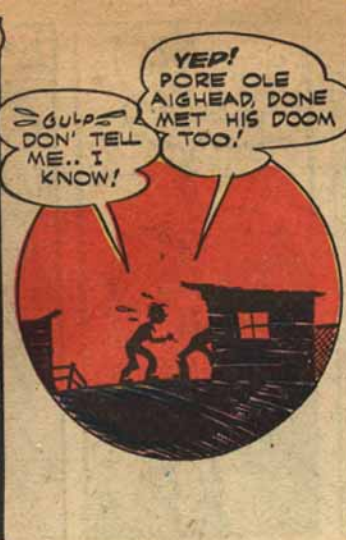
SLAPPY, IT WORKED! NOW TO DOUBLE BACK AN TELL ALL THE OTHER ELIGIBLE MEN !!





TUGBOAT!
HE WAS
RIGHT THAR!

IF HE DROWNED
THEY MUSTA
TOOK THE
BODY!



GULP!
DON'T TELL
ME.. I
KNOW!

YEP!
PORE OLE
AIGHEAD, DONE
MET HIS DOOM
TOO!



SOMETHIN'
AWFUL
MYSTERI-YUS
GOIN' ON!

NO USE TO
LOOK FO'
PURTY BOY!
BET THEY
FOUND HIM!



GOSH!
THE VARMINTS!
THEY EVEN
TOOK THE
SKUNK!



THIS IS
THE END,
HAPPY!

NOT YET, SLAPPY!
IF THEY FIND US
WE'LL JUMP OFF
LOVER'S LEAP!



GOOD OLE
HOUN' DAWG!
CAIN'T KEEP
HER DOWN!
SHE'S ON
THE TRAIL
AGAIN!



SURROUND
'EM! THE
TRAIL LEADS
TO THE EDGE
OF LOVER'S
LEAP!

GOOD GAWSH!
WE'S GONNERS!

GULP!



GOOD BYE, SLAPPY, I'LL LET YOU GO FIRST!

NO, HAPPY! YO' KIN BE FIRST!



IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE'LL LAND IN THE RIVER FAR BELOW!



SUDDENLY...



SGULPS SLAPPY, I THINK WE SHOULD'VE LED BETTER LIVES!

RIGHT, HAPPY! THIS SHORE AIN'T HEAVEN, WHERE WE'RE HEADIN'!



GONE! DARN THE CONFOUNDED LUCK!

COWARDS! AND JUS' WHEN AH WAS GETTIN' ROMANTIC LIKE, TOO! SNIFF!



THE DAY AIN'T UP YET, HOUN'DAWG... WHY DON' YO' GRAB, HAN'SOME HARRY??

NO, THANKEE! I GOT PRIDE! YO' KIN HAVE HIM!!



HEH! HEH! HEH! THE FOOLS! I TOLD THEM THEY WOULD MEET THEIR DOOM!

GOSH AMIGHTY... WHAT DID HAPPEN TO SLAPPY AN' HAPPY?? IS IT GOOD, OR BAD? WELL, SURE AS SHOOTIN' WE'LL FIND OUT ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, 'N NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ZIP COMICS!!**

WORLD WONDERS



MP and TUCK

A 2 HEADED TURTLE WAS FOUND ON A SHORE OF LAKE MINNETONKA... IT EATS WITH BOTH HEADS BUT FEEDS BUT ONE BODY...

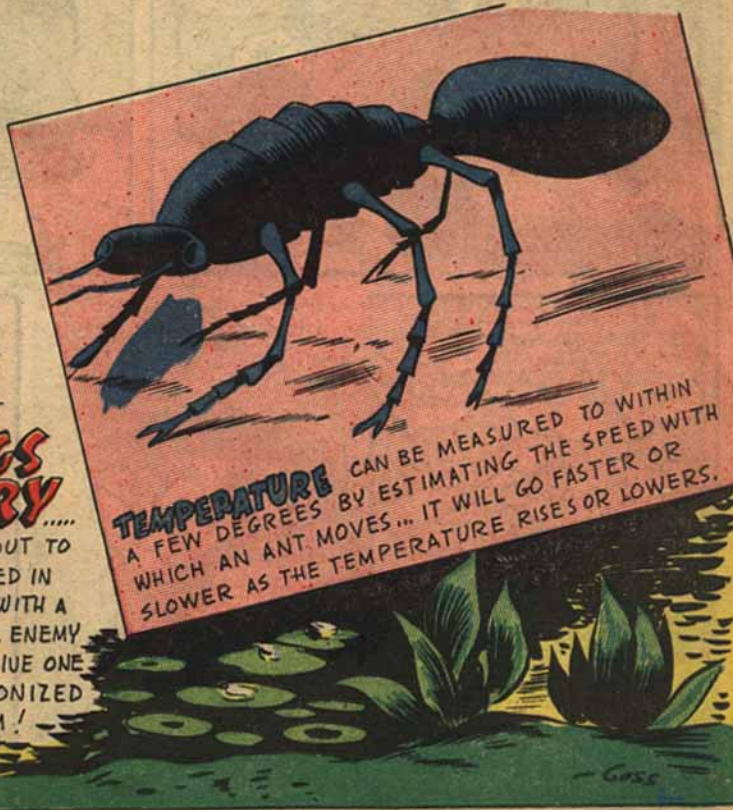


SOLOMON ISLANDERS WILL GO TO ANY EXTREME TO IMPRESS THEIR NEIGHBORS OF THEIR WEALTH - EVEN TO SPENDING THEIR ENTIRE FORTUNE ON A SINGLE BANQUET FOR ALL THE VILLAGE.



FROGS CRY

WHEN ABOUT TO BE KILLED IN BATTLE WITH A NATURAL ENEMY FROGS GIVE ONE LAST AGONIZED SCREAM!



TEMPERATURE CAN BE MEASURED TO WITHIN A FEW DEGREES BY ESTIMATING THE SPEED WITH WHICH AN ANT MOVES... IT WILL GO FASTER OR SLOWER AS THE TEMPERATURE RISES OR LOWERS.

Señor

BANANA

WHEN LAST WE SAW
OUR FRIENDS SENOR
BANANA, AND SENOR ODORA,
THEY WERE IN SEARCH FOR
GOLD... AND THOUGHT THEY HAD
FOUND IT! BUT LOOK WHAT
THEY DID FIND!





COME! EET
EES THE
ONLY WAY!!
STEP OVER
THERE MY
FRAN!!

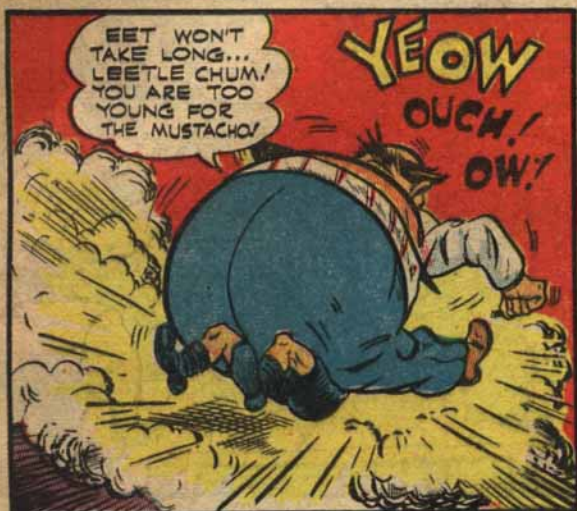


NO! NO! HELP
NOT THAT!



CENSORED

THEESE
EES FINE..OH,
JUST ONE
THEENG!



EET WON'T
TAKE LONG...
LEETLE CHUM!
YOU ARE TOO
YOUNG FOR
THE MUSTACHOV

YEOW
OUCH!
OW!



I FEEL LIKE
THE OSTRICH
WHICH HAS
JUST MET
THE FAN
DANCER!



WE SHOULD HAVE
WAITED TO CHANGE
MY CLOTHES..THEESE
EES TOO MUCH OF
A MOUNTAIN FOR
A LEETLE BOY
TO CLIMB!



WHY DO
YOU DO
THEESE,
ODORA? ARE
YOU AFRAID
TO GO EEN?



SHE EES
ASLEEP! COME
ON EEN!!





THESE EES THE DAY FOR THE BULL FIGHT, BUT... I... SENOR BANANA... WEEL NOT BE THERE!! I WEEL... (SNIFF.. SNIFF..)



HEH! HEH!! NOT ONLY WEEL I GET RID OF THEESE RAT.. BUT I WEEL BECOME REECH!!



THESE EES BETTER THAN FIGHTING THE BULL!!



AND NOW... SENORAS AND SENORES, WE PRESENT...

?

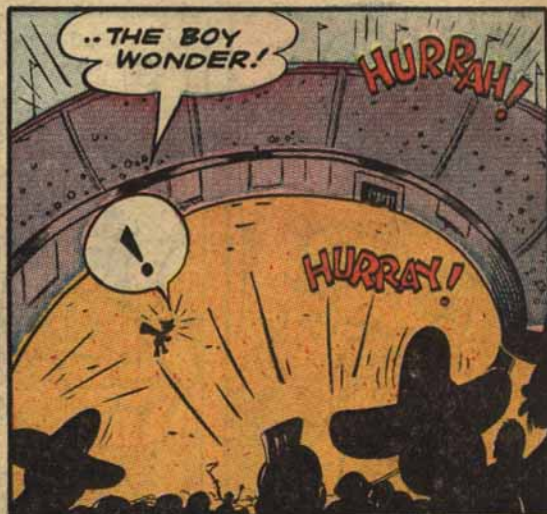


..THE BOY WONDER!

HURRAY!

!

HURRAY!



HELP! I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! SHANGHAIED!! KEEDNAPPED!! HELP!



WHAT EES THEESE?! HE EES A FAKE!

HE EES A SEESSEE!!

FOOY! ON DEES MODARN FIGHTERS!

\$! !! \$! !!



I CAN'T CLIMB THE FENCE.. EET EES TOO HIGH!!

I WEEEL HAVE TO GET REED OF THEESE EXTRA WEIGHT!



**BAM
CRASH**



**HURRAY!
RAY!**



**BRAVO! RAY!
WONDERFUL
TECHNIQUE!**



HOW CLEVAIR!
MY OWN LEEETLE
DARLING! I DEED NOT
EVEN KNOW!

**GRR!
I WEEEL
EXPOSE
THEESE
FAKER!**



LEEESTEN!!
EVERBODY!
LEEESTEN!!



W - H - HELLO!



HELP!
BANANA!
HELP!

**VIVA!
WONDER
BOY!**



WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE TABLES HAVE TURNED... SENOR ODORA'S PLAN TO GET RID OF BANANA WENT INTO REVERSE, WILL SENOR BANANA GO TO THE AID OF HIS TREACHEROUS FRIEND? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT THE ANSWER YOU GET IN THE NEXT ZIP!!

YOU CAN'T GET RICH JERKING SODAS

by ZENITH GRAY

WILLIE SHARPE, at the soda fountain, was serving his customers automatically. His mind wasn't on his job. He needed money badly, lots of it. He had a special reason.

He looked up. The letter carrier was just coming in to collect the daily receipts from the drug store's post office sub-station.

Willie watched the carrier standing before the grilled cage near the soda fountain. Then he resumed his work. He sent cool drinks sliding across the polished counter to impatient customers.

"Plenty of money in this town and I mean to have some of it," Willie resolved grimly.

People thirsty and ill-tempered from the broiling sun of a July afternoon, streamed in from the street dropping wearily at Willie's fountain. He worked feverishly, meantime watching every move of the letter carrier. The last customer served, Willie slipped from behind the fountain.

He knew the carrier was waiting for the sub-station's daily remittance. Willie sauntered up to him. "Hello, carrier."

"Hi," the man in uniform replied, eyeing him sharply.

"New on this route, aren't you?"

He regarded Willie thoughtfully. "Yeah, I am."

Willie moved closer to him. "I know a lot of the boys at your station."

The man made no reply.

The ash-blond girl in the cage was laboring over her account. The carrier's eyes were going continually from her to the wall clock at her back.

"Where's Jimmy?" Willie inquired.

"Who?" The carrier's eyes remained glued to the figures the girl was adding.

"Jimmy Weaver, regular carrier on this route."

"Oh him. He's er—sick."

"Stomach bothering him again?"

"Yeah. Yeah. Stomach."

"I told Jimmy he was drinking too many cokes this hot weather," Willie remarked, smiling.

He sidled up beside the carrier. "How do you like the post office?"

The man looked at him quizzically. "All right—good as any job."

Willie watched the girl in

the cage take a large sheaf of bills from a drawer and count them slowly, then check off a three-figured number on the tally sheet. She returned the bills to the drawer, brought out another wad and did the same.

"What time are you due at the office?" Willie asked, hoping to remind the girl of the time.

"I'm overdue now."

The girl slightly raised her eyes and continued. Willie knew Fran wouldn't hurry. She was just filling in, while the regular girl was on vacation. The post office department had discovered several errors in Fran's account and had warned her to be more careful.

Willie and the carrier watched her painstakingly run a pencil down a column of figures, whispering the result to herself. She finished and counted the bills again, checked them against the tally sheet, then slid the bills into an official envelope and sealed it.

The man in uniform watched impatiently, while Willie looked on, thinking what he could do with that much money. "You fellows catch it when you're late?" Willie said looking at Fran.

The carrier grimaced. "We catch hell."

Willie wondered how his own 160 pounds would look in a letter carrier's uniform. He stepped back, surveying the well-built man. His curious eyes roving slowly upward over the uniform, stopped abruptly, settling on the badge. "That makes it official, the badge," Willie thought. His eyes lingered on it. Letter carriers' badges had always fascinated him, since Jimmy Weaver told him that a carrier's uniform could command no respect without a badge.

He strolled across the floor to the telephone booth, entered one, deposited a nickel and dialed a number.

When Willie came out he saw the carrier signing the remittance sheet. Then Fran gave him a sealed envelope. That would be the sheaves of bills. Next she handed him a large, stout, khaki-colored envelope, its flap glued with sealing wax. Willie knew that was the jacket containing the registered articles.

He went to the door and looked up and down the busy street, ostensibly for a breath of fresh air to dispel the heavy, sweetish drugstore odor from his lungs.

Then he slipped behind the fountain. The carrier glanced irritably at the wall clock and hurried toward the street. A customer was yelling for ser-

vive. Willie didn't hear him.

"Hey, carrier, have a soda," Willie called as he put something in a glass.

The carrier shook his head and went out. A deflated look darkened Willie's face.

He leaped from behind the fountain and dashed to the street. He saw the carrier's retreating back. The man was walking fast, clutching his bag. Willie started to run.

The carrier was nearing the corner. Willie—one step in back of him—employed a commando trick. His leg shot between the carrier's. The man in uniform sprawled to the pavement, losing his cap, but clinging to his bag. Willie pounced on him, fists flailing the man's face. The carrier flung his assailant away, and came up in a sitting position with a gun in his hand.

Willie hurled himself at the carrier again. A crowd was collecting. A bystander roughly shoved Willie off the carrier, who was bringing his gun up just as the corner traffic cop pushed through the crowd and knocked it from his hand. He collared Willie and the carrier, jerking both to their feet.

"What's going on here?" the cop demanded.

"Officer, arrest that man," the carrier yelled, pointing at Willie. "He's interfering with the United States Mail. That's a federal offense."

"That guy's a phoney," Willie shouted.

The carrier lunged at him. "Officer, arrest that man and let me go. This uniform speaks for me."

The officer scowled at Willie. "Howdayuh mean phoney?"

"He's got the wrong number."

"Wrong number?" the cop barked.

"Look," said Willie pointing to the pavement. "See that cap. Shield number 2504. That's Jimmy Weaver's number. Two carriers in the same office don't have the same shield number."

"Right," agreed a tall, frosty-complexioned man, elbowing his way out of the crowd.

"Hello, Inspector Craig," said Willie. "You got here quick."

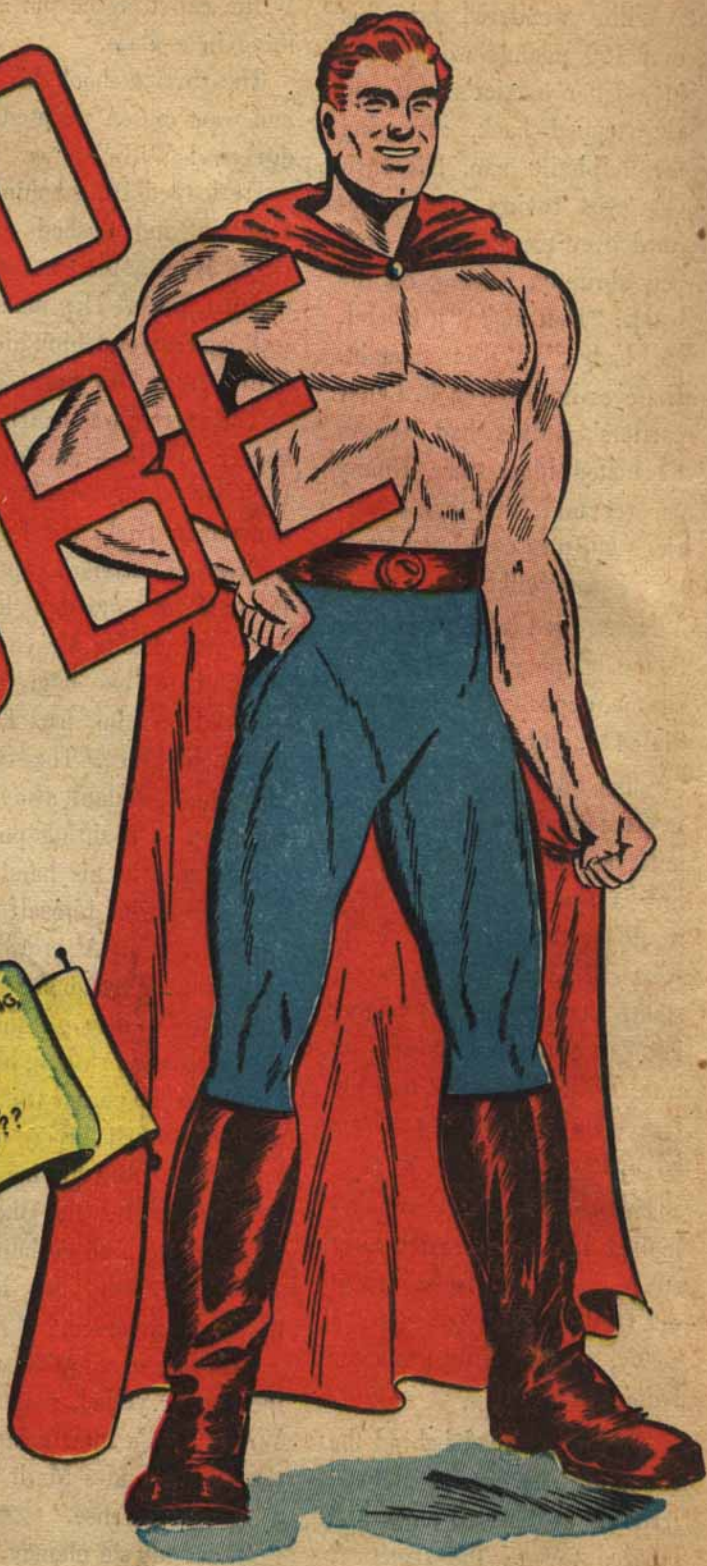
"Your call was relayed from the main office to the local station," the inspector explained. "We just found Weaver. He was slugged as he was making a short cut through a deserted warehouse. Uniform and badge missing."

The two men with the inspector took the impostor away.

Craig tapped Willie on the shoulder. "I'm reporting you to the postmaster for frustrating a mail robbery. That means a nice present for you."

"Thanks," said Willie. "I expect to be a police rookie soon. Needed money to get married first."

RED RUBBE



WHO IS THIS SWASHBUCKLING,
ROMANTIC NEW HERO OF
MILLIONS?
WHAT IS THE AMAZING
SECRET BEHIND HIM??

FED
ROBBINS

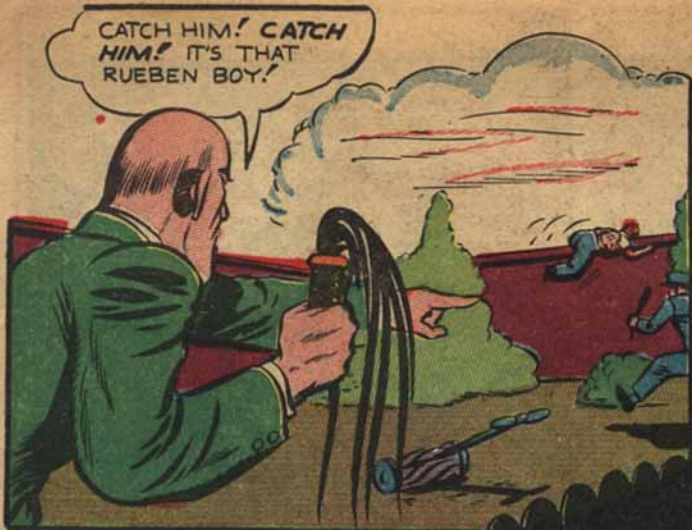
WHAT
IS THE CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE POOR LITTLE
ORPHAN, RUEBEN RUEBEN, AND
THE HEROIC FIGURE OF
RED RUBE?



WHAT IS THE MYSTERY
OF THE OLD CASTLE
ON THE HILL???

START
READING
RED RUBE'S
ASTONISHING
ANSWERS
NOW!





CATCH HIM! CATCH HIM! IT'S THAT RUEBEN BOY!



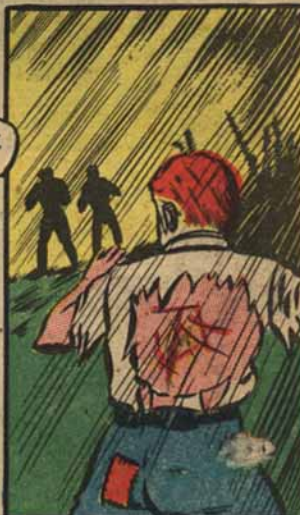
THERE HE GOES!

AFTER HIM!



DS*!!! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!

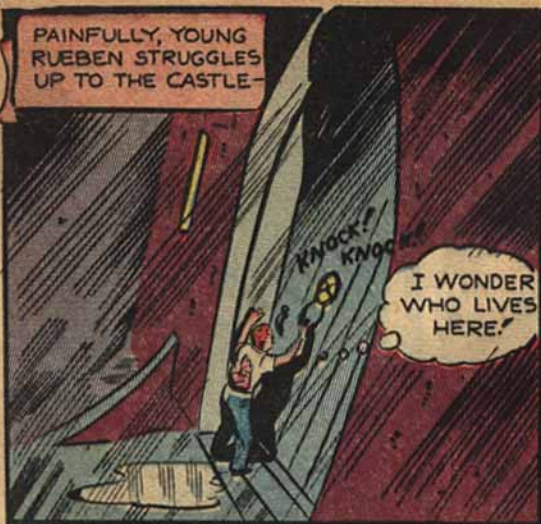
C'MON! WE'LL GO BACK TO THE ORPHANAGE AN' GET THE COPS AFTER HIM!



MUCH LATER--

I'VE WALKED FOR MILES IN THIS RAIN! I GOTTA FIND SOME PLACE TO REST! AH! MAYBE UP THERE! GAWD - BUT MY BACK HURTS!

PAINFULLY, YOUNG RUEBEN STRUGGLES UP TO THE CASTLE—



KNOCK! KNOCK!

I WONDER WHO LIVES HERE!

EH? WHO'S THERE? WHO—? WHY IT'S YOUNG MASTER RUEBEN!



HOW DO YOU KNOW MY N-----
OOOOO!

WHY HE'S HURT HE'S BEEN BEATEN!



BUT AT LAST HE'S COME HOME, MY LONG WAIT IS OVER!



HERE, DRINK THIS, MASTER RUEBEN, AND WHEN YOU WAKE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... AND NOW MY WORK ---IS--- DONE----



IT IS MUCH LATER WHEN YOUNG RUEBEN AWAKENS....

WH-WHERE AM I? OH I RE-MEMBER! WHERE'S THE LITTLE OLD MAN! OH!



H-HE'S DEAD!



G-GOLLY! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



WAIT A MINUTE! HE KNEW MY NAME! I WONDER HOW?



I'M GONNA STAY AN' SEE WHAT I CAN FIND IN THIS PLACE!



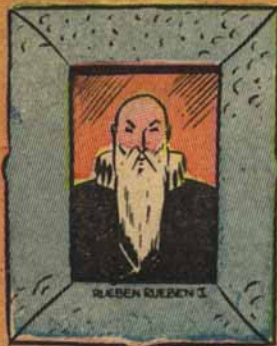
WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE?



A WHOLE ROOM FULL OF PICTURES!



AND THEY'VE ALL GOT MY NAME!!



GEE WHIZ! I WONDER
WHAT IT MEANS.....
I WONDER.....

GEE IM TIRED OUT!
I WISH I KNEW
WHETHER THOSE
PICTURES ARE MY
ANCESTORS (HO HUM)
OR-- MUMBLLLLL--

WELL HERE HE IS!
AT LAST HE'S
COME BACK!

THE LAST IN THE
LINE OF RUEBEN
RUEBENS!

LOOK HOW HE'S
BEEN BEATEN!

T5K-T5K! REMINDS
ME OF MY DAYS
ON THE AFRICAN
COAST!

WE
MUST
HELP HIM.

HUH?

SAY! WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE ALL YOUR ANCESTORS! THE RUEBENS! AND WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU TO RIGHT THE WRONGS THAT HAVE BEEN DONE YOU!

YES! I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU MY STRENGTH!

BAH! WHAT GOOD IS STRENGTH WITHOUT BRAINS! I'LL GIVE HIM MY BRAINS INSTEAD!

NO! I'LL GIVE HIM MY COURAGE!

STAMINA!
COURAGE!
SPEED!
STRENGTH!
BRAINS!

CEASE! STOP YOUR SQUABBLING!

BECAUSE YOUNG RUEBEN IS A TRUE DESCENDENT OF ALL OF US HE ALREADY INHERITED ALL OF THESE QUALITIES FROM YOU, AND IN ADDITION HE HAS ALSO INHERITED MY WISDOM!

ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS TO SHOW HIM HOW HE CAN BRING THESE FORCES INTO BEING!

HE MUST BE ABLE TO SUMMON THE POWERS AT WILL!



GEE WHIZ! I TURNED BACK! BUT MAYBE THAT'S BETTER, NOW SOMEONE WILL GET A SURPRISE AT THE ORPHANAGE!

AND SO...THE FOLLOWING MORNING!

HAH! THEY'RE STILL LOOKING FOR ME! WELL LET 'EM FIND ME!

THERE HE IS!

GRAB HIM!

GOTCHA!

THOUGHT YA! COULD GET AWAY, EH?

MEMPH!

TAKE HIM TO THE BASEMENT!

SO! YOU RAN AWAY! TRIED TO DUCK OUT ON A BEATING! I HAD 'EM GAG YOU SO YOU CAN'T YELL AND NOW! -- HA HA HA!?

TAKE THAT!

CRACK!

-AND THAT AND THAT HA-HA-HA!
AND THAT AND THAT HO-HO-HO!
AND THAT AND THAT WA-HA-HA!
AND THAT AND THAT...

HEY, RUBE!!

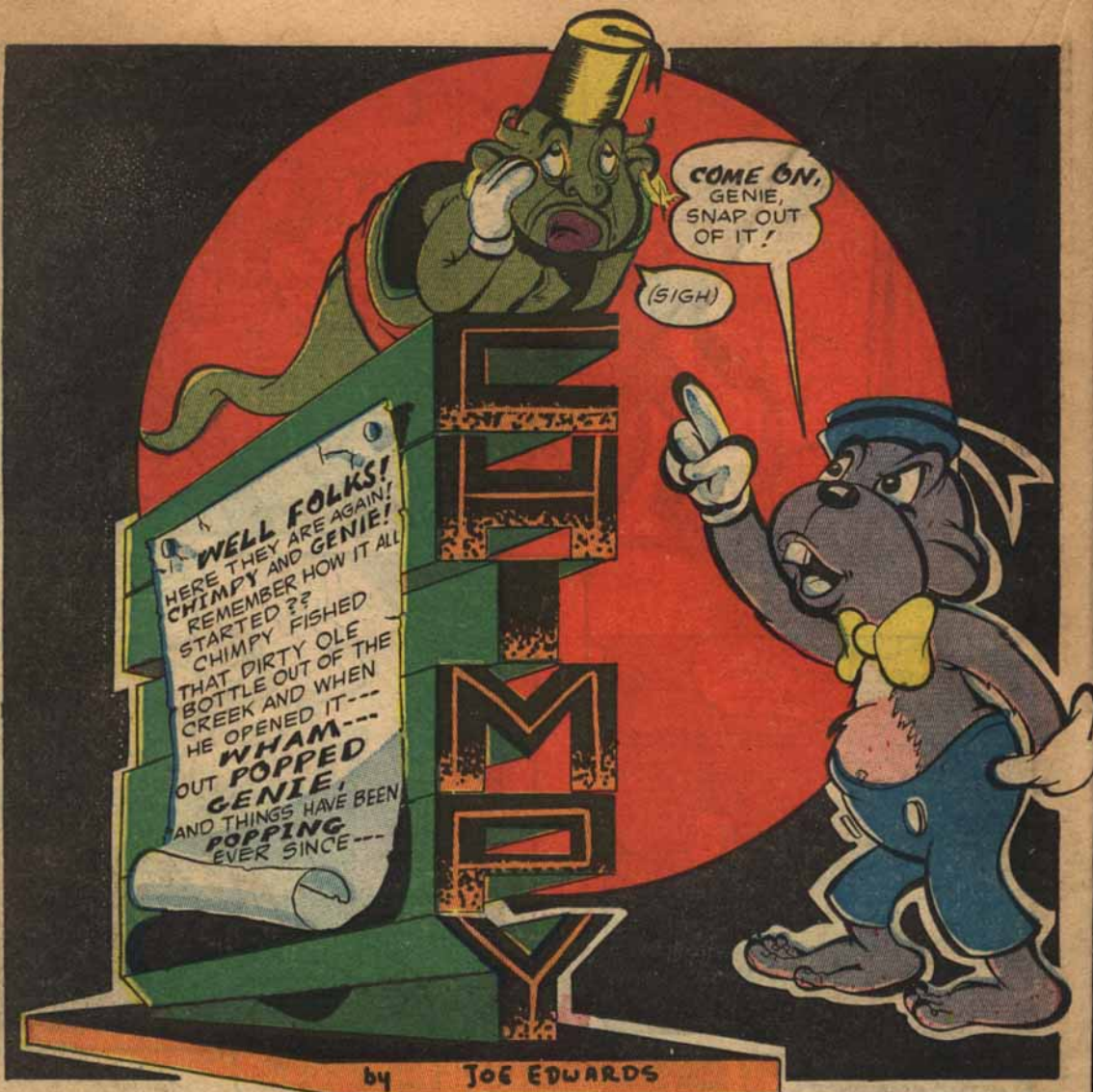
WHOOOSH

BUT THE CURLING LASH KNOCKS OFF THE GAG AND WITH HIS LAST BREATH.....



AND YOU SAY THIS **RED RUBE** MADE THEM ALL CONFESS AND SAVED YOUR HIDE FOR YOU AS WELL... HMMM-I WONDER WHETHER HE'LL KEEP ON AS A FIGHTER FOR WHAT'S RIGHT IN THE WORLD!!







---AND NOW THAT I'M OUT --- I'M ALL ALONE, --- (SIGH) IN THE WORLD! NOT A FRIENDLY FACE, NOT EVEN A FAMILIAR VOICE --- (SIGH)---



THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET YOU OUT OF THE **BLUES!** LEMME SEE---???



I'VE GOT IT!

!

MAGIC CARD TRICKS!! THAT'LL DO IT!



TAKE A CARD! ANY CARD!

OOOH MASTER! PULEEESE! SUCH CORNY STUFF!!

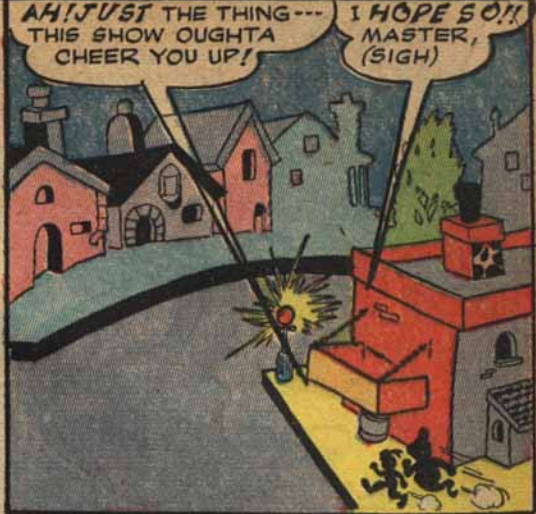


WELL ---- GEE WHIZ! YOU CAN'T BLAME A MAN FOR TRYING!



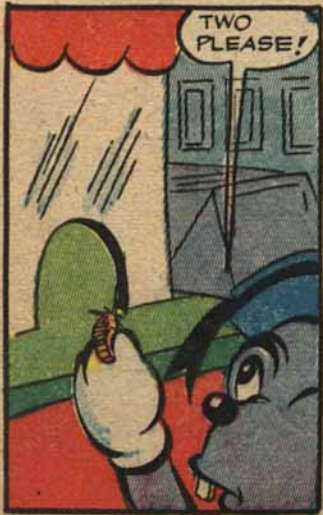
THERE'S NO USE HANGING AROUND HERE! LET'S GO OUT!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, MASTER!



AH! JUST THE THING--- THIS SHOW OUGHTA CHEER YOU UP!

I HOPE SO!! MASTER, (SIGH)



TWO PLEASE!



--- THAT WAS NO LADY, THAT WAS MY WIFE!

HO HO HO



NOT BAD, EH FOLKS?



HO HO HA HA HA THIS SHOW KILLS ME!

HO HUM!



GOSH GENIE, DON'T YOU LIKE THE SHOW?

BUT MASTER, THE SULTAN USED TO PULL THOSE GAGS TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO--AND THEY WEREN'T FUNNY EVEN THEN!!



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT?



WELL, I'M GOING TO MAKE JUST ONE MORE ATTEMPT....

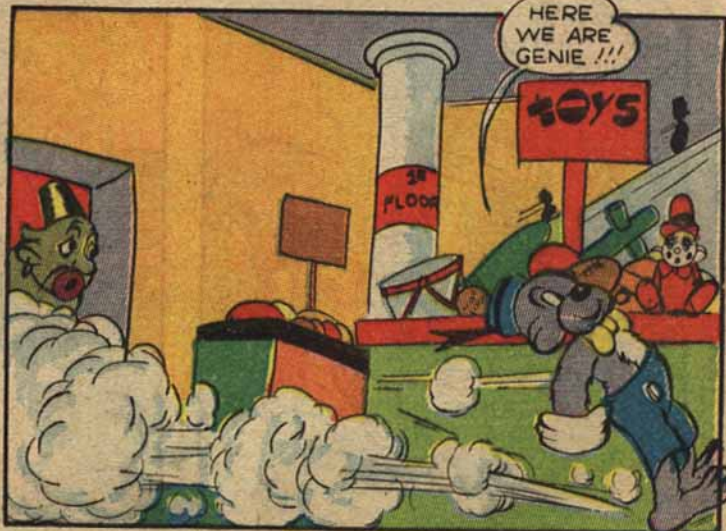


HMMM, HERE'S LACEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE --- I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN HERE --- THAT..... (SIGH)



...WHEE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE??

?



HERE WE ARE GENIE !!!



OH BOY!! LOOK A GENUINE "BOB ROPE"

NO! NO! NOT THAT! MASTER!!!



OH?!?! G@ ETC! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW I QUIT! I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING THAT'LL MAKE YOU SMILE !!!

JUST THEN...

LAD-E-E-E-SS
I WISH TO ANNOUNCE
A SPECIAL SALE
OF-----

NYLON
HOSE!!

GGRRR-
WHO CARES!!!

YEOW!!
LOOK WHAT'S
COMING!

GANGWAY!!

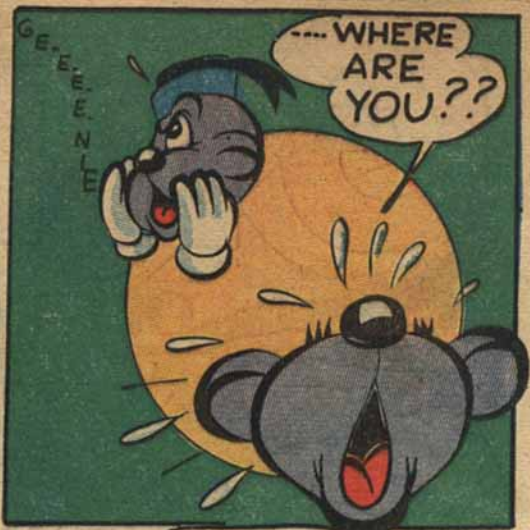
STOP PUSHING!
WHO'S PUSHING!
YOU'RE PUSHING!
SOCK

CRASH

WHAT HAPPENED!!!
WHERE'S GENIE???
HE'S GONE!!



YOO HOO? GENIE? WHERE ARE YOOOOOU?



... WHERE ARE YOU??



BOO HOO! POOR GENIE!! ALL ALONE - THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO HIM--- NOW!



I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF--- BOO HOOO

HELP!! MR. TUNK! HELP!!! I CAN'T STAND IT!!



GET THAT CRAZY MAN OUT OF MY DEPARTMENT! HE'S BEEN PLAYING THE SAME RECORD OVER AND OVER --- I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!!

DEAR ME!



I BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH WHO THAT CRAZY MAN IS!



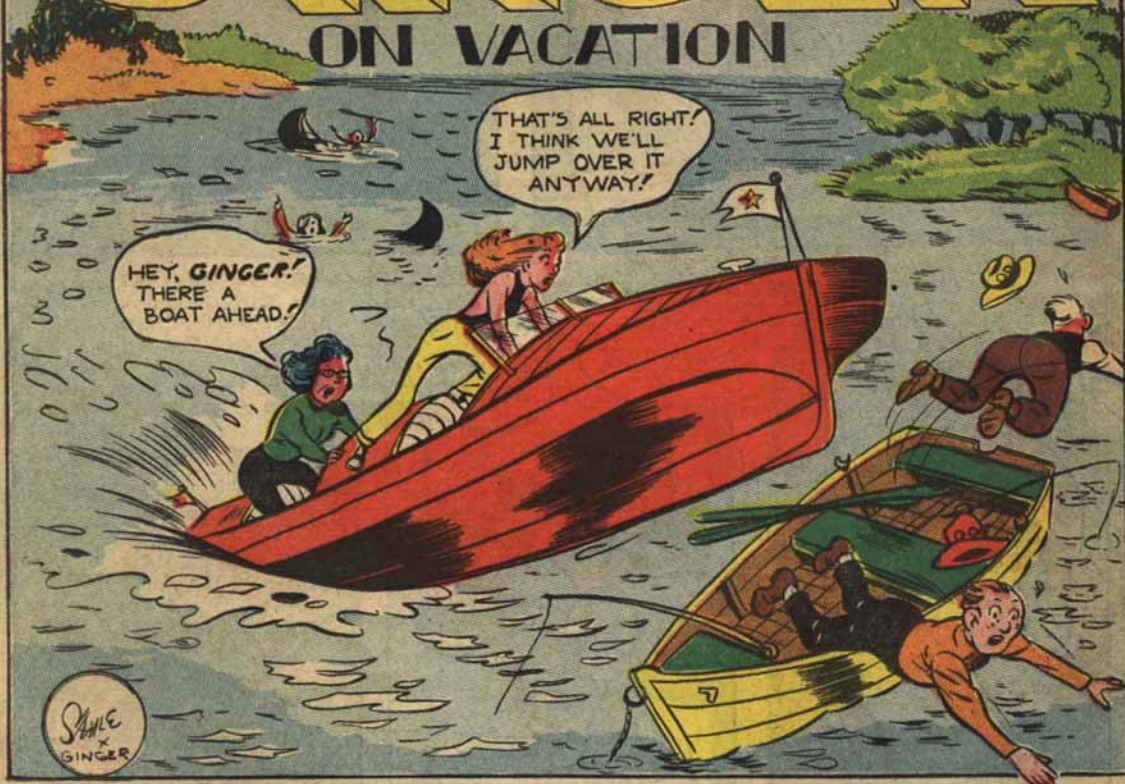
I DREAM OF GENIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR



OOOOOH!

GINGER

ON VACATION



THANKS,
MOM, WE'LL
LISTEN TO
AUNT MATILDA!

SAY,
WHO IS
THIS AUNT
MATILDA?

I'VE NEVER
SEEN HER, BUT
I'LL BET SHE'S
AN OLD FUDDY
DUDDY.





WELL, HERE WE ARE, BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO MEET US!

MAYBE SHE'S TOO OLD AND COULDN'T GET HERE.



GINGER! GINGER SNAPP!



AUNT MATILDA!



YES, AUNT MATILDA BUT PLEASE CALL ME MATTY!



GOSH, MATTY, WE THOUGHT YOU WERE AN OLD SOURPUSS INSTEAD OF A GLAMOUR GAL!

SKIP IT, KIDS, YOU'RE HERE FOR FUN AND FROLIC! THAT'S WHAT VACATION'S ARE FOR!



LATER

HERE ARE TWO FISHING POLES-- GO OUT ON THE SHORE AND PRACTICE CASTING!

THAT'S FINE, MATTY, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THAT!



THERE'S MATTY'S BOAT. MAYBE WE'LL TAKE A SPIN LATER!

IF I KNOW YOU, WE'LL TAKE A SPIN, ALL RIGHT!



THIS IS FUN!
WATCH ME TOSS
THIS SINKER FOR
A LOOP!



WHILE NEARBY--

WELL, LINDA,
THIS IS SOME
SWELL PICNIC--
AND THAT PIE
LOOKS GOOD!

IT OUGHT
TO, I MADE
IT MYSELF!



HELP! THERE'S
SOMETHING AROUND
MY NECK!!



WHAT'S
WRONG,
GINNY!

THAT SINKER
MUST BE CAUGHT
ON SOMETHING!
I'LL JUST GIVE IT
A GOOD YANK
AND-----



GOSH, I WONDER
WHAT YOUR FISHING
LINE GOT SNARLED
ON?

DON'T KNOW--
LET'S FIND
OUT!



OH! DID I DO
THIS? I'M SO SORRY--
HERE! LET ME
CLEAN YOU OFF!

WHY YOU--
YOU YOU!







AW, LISTEN, LINDA -

BOO HOO! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO TO THAT DANCE TONIGHT!



SAY, RED, HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME HOPPIN' AT THE SHINDIG?

WELL, IF YOU INSIST--- AND OF COURSE YOU WILL!



THINGS ARE WORKIN' OUT. HINKY DINKY AUNTIE!

HMM-- YOU GIRLS DID ALL RIGHT! FOR YOURSELVES!

YEP! CHUBBY HARRISON ASKED ME TO GO TO THE DANCE!



A DANCING WE WILL GO---

-- HI HO THE MERRY OH--

- A DANCING WE WILL GO # 8



I WAS IN A RUT TILL YOU CAME ALONG--

SPEAKING OF RUTS -- I WONDER HOW LINDA IS?

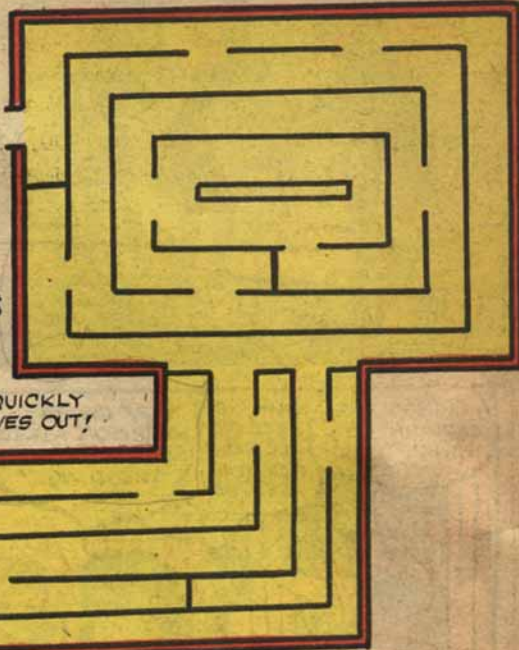


JEALOUSY

ZIP'S DIPSY DOODLES



HELP SENOR BANANA GET HIS FAVORITE FRUIT BEFORE HIS QUICKLY EBBING STRENGTH GIVES OUT!



CHIMPY IS PROUD BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHO IS IN THE CIRCLE! IF YOU BLACKEN IN THE DOTTED AREAS YOU WILL KNOW WHO IT IS TOO!



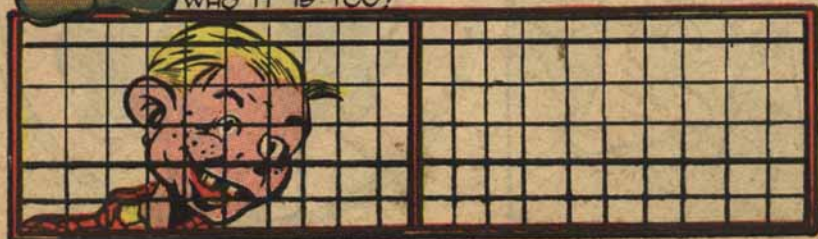
1. RIGNEG

2. NERSO BANAANN

3. LESET TSREGLIN

4. PPAACKELJS

THE NAMES OF FOUR ZIP COMICS CHARACTERS ARE ABOVE! CAN YOU NAME THEM?



HERE IS AN EASY WAY TO DRAW ONE OF THE APPLEJACKS! CAN YOU DO IT?

WILBUR

DON'T TELL ME--
DON'T TELL ME ---
I KNOW-- THAT OLD
WINDBAG IS COMING
TO SEE US!

GOD BLESS OUR
HOME

SURE, MOM,
WE JUST GOT
A LETTER
FROM UNCLE
MONTE!

THE OLD
SON OF
A GUN!

elli
STORY BY
GOGGIN

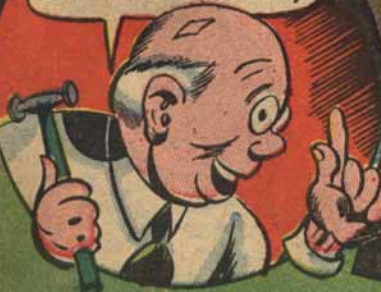
AND HE'S COMING TO
REST UP WITH US AFTER
A STRENUOUS INSPECTION
TOUR FOR THE GOVERNMENT!
ISN'T THAT GREAT!

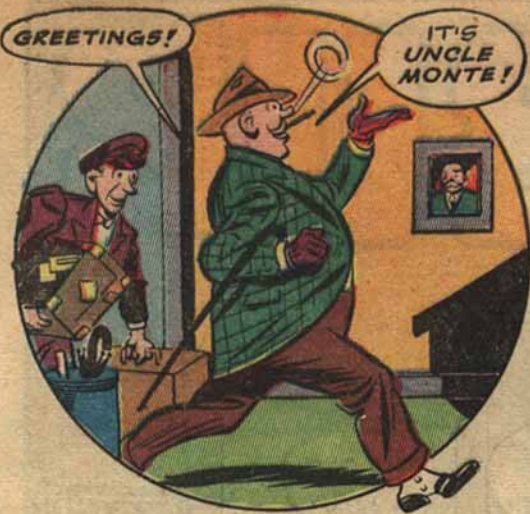
GREAT?
WHY DOES
HE HAVE
TO PICK
ON US?

HE MAY DO A LOT
FOR US SOME DAY!
AND WILBUR TREAT
UNCLE MONTE
RIGHT AND I'LL
SEE THAT YOU
GET THAT NEW
BICYCLE!

NOW, JAMES,
I'M WARNING
YOU! I WON'T
STAND FOR
ANY--

SHHH ---
SHHH ---
I THINK
I HEAR
SOMEONE
COMING
NOW!





GREETINGS!

IT'S
UNCLE
MONTE!



SAM, OLD MAN,
TAKE CARE OF
THE CABBY LIKE
A GOOD FELLOW!

AND MARY M'DEAR,
CAN I PREVAIL
UPON YOU TO
BREW ME UP A
CUP OF TEA!



AH, THANK YOU, THANK
YOU, AND WILBUR, HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SHOW
ME AROUND A BIT BEFORE
DINNER?



OH, I
SAY! THAT'S
A CLEVER
BIT OF
WORK!

THIS IS
NOTHING
UNCLE
MONTE,
COME
WITH ME!



DAD GAVE ME
PERMISSION TO
USE THIS SPACE
ABOVE THE
GARAGE!

VERY
INTEREST-
ING! (PUFF-
PUFF)



OOOH!
DON'T STEP
ON THAT
RUG, SIR!

SHUSH,
MY SHOES
ARE CLEAN!



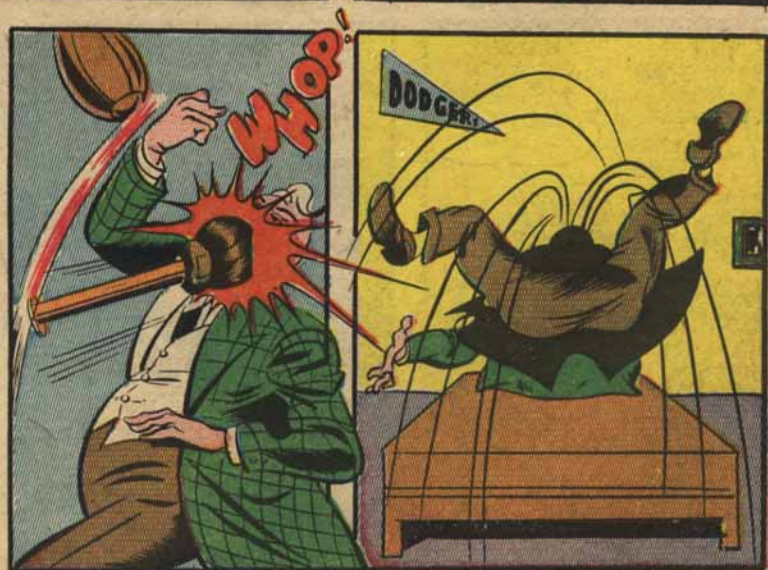
I TRIED TO
WARN YOU!
QUICK,
GIVE ME
YOUR HAND!

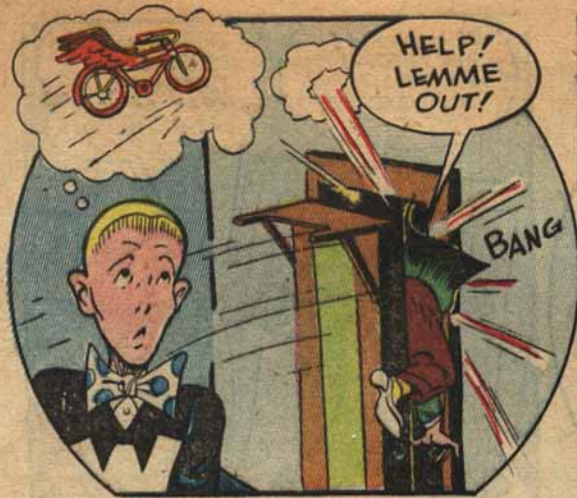
PLOP!

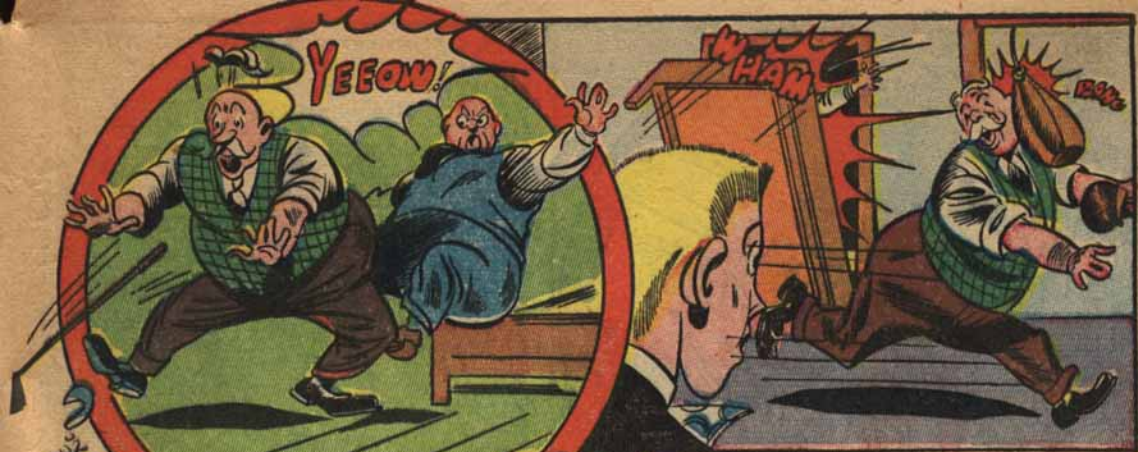


GO AWAY!
YOU'VE DONE
ENOUGH! I'LL
PICK MYSELF
UP!

BUT--
BUT!







LATER--

WILBUR! WILL YOU PLEASE GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY WITH THOSE MODEL PLANES OF YOURS! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY!

AW GEE, DAD! I DIDN'T MEAN--

NOW, NOW, JIM! DON'T BE TOO HARSH WITH WILBUR! BOYS WILL BE BOYS! BY THE WAY! I JUST BROUGHT A DOZEN BOXES OF CIGARS! PAY THE DELIVERY BOY, WILL YOU OLD MAN!



50 DOLLARS PLEASE!



OOOO---MY GLIDER SLIPPED! UNCLE MONTE LOOK OUT!

HUH!



KLUNK



BUT, POP!

DON'T YOU POP ME! I'M GOING TO POP YOU! I'VE STOOD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH!

HERE LET ME HELP YOU, UNCLE MONTE!

JUST A MINUTE, JAMES, BEFORE YOU PUNISH WILBUR THIS IS VERY INTERESTING!



LOOK! UNPAID BILLS, I.O.U.S, LAWYER LETTERS! YOUR UNCLE MONTE SEEMS TO OWE MONEY TO EVERYBODY!

BUT--BUT--THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, MOTHER! WHY UNCLE MONTE'S RICH! HE---HE TOLD ME SO!



OR IS HE ?

HE MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT! HE'S AN OLD FAKER AND A SPONGER!

GOOD LORD! HERE ARE SOME OF HIS BILLS MADE OUT TO US! WHY THE--



AHEM--I--AH--THINK I'D BETTER CUT MY VISIT TO MY NEPHEW SHORT!



BOY! AM I GLAD UNCLE MONTE VISITED US!



JUST WAIT! YOU SEE WILBUR AND HIS NEW PLANE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF COMICS

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



ONE!



TWO!



THREE!

BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are you've grown to being bullied and kicked around—you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are—that's the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men, prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98¢ (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscle, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc. . . .

FREE!

IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new **POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS**. Here are revealed the holds and counter-blows that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. Act promptly to get your free copy.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 4108

441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me in plain package for 5 days' FREE trial **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. I will pay the postman 98¢ (plus a few cents for postage and handling). If, within 5 days, I am not completely satisfied I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

NAME

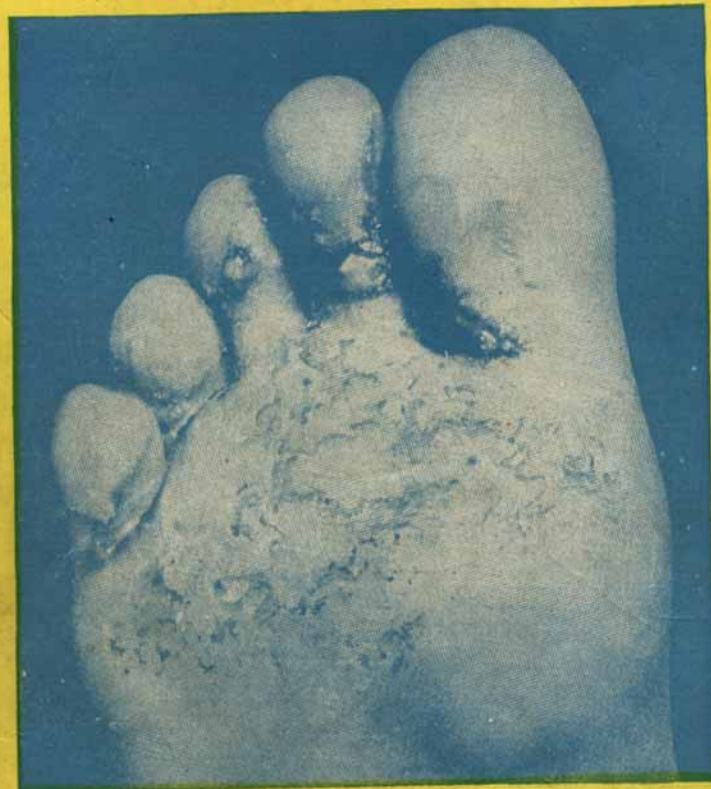
ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Check if you want to pay postage. Enclose 98¢ with coupon and we will pay postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**
Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

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Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE